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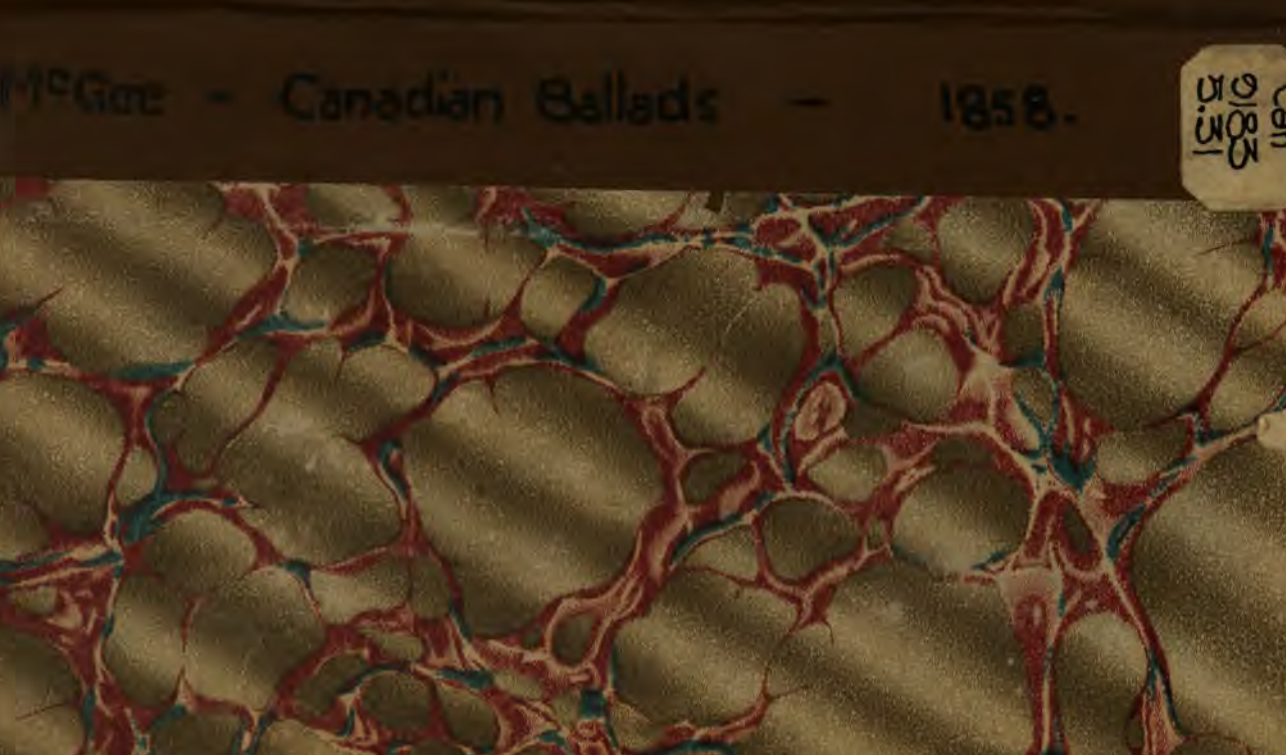

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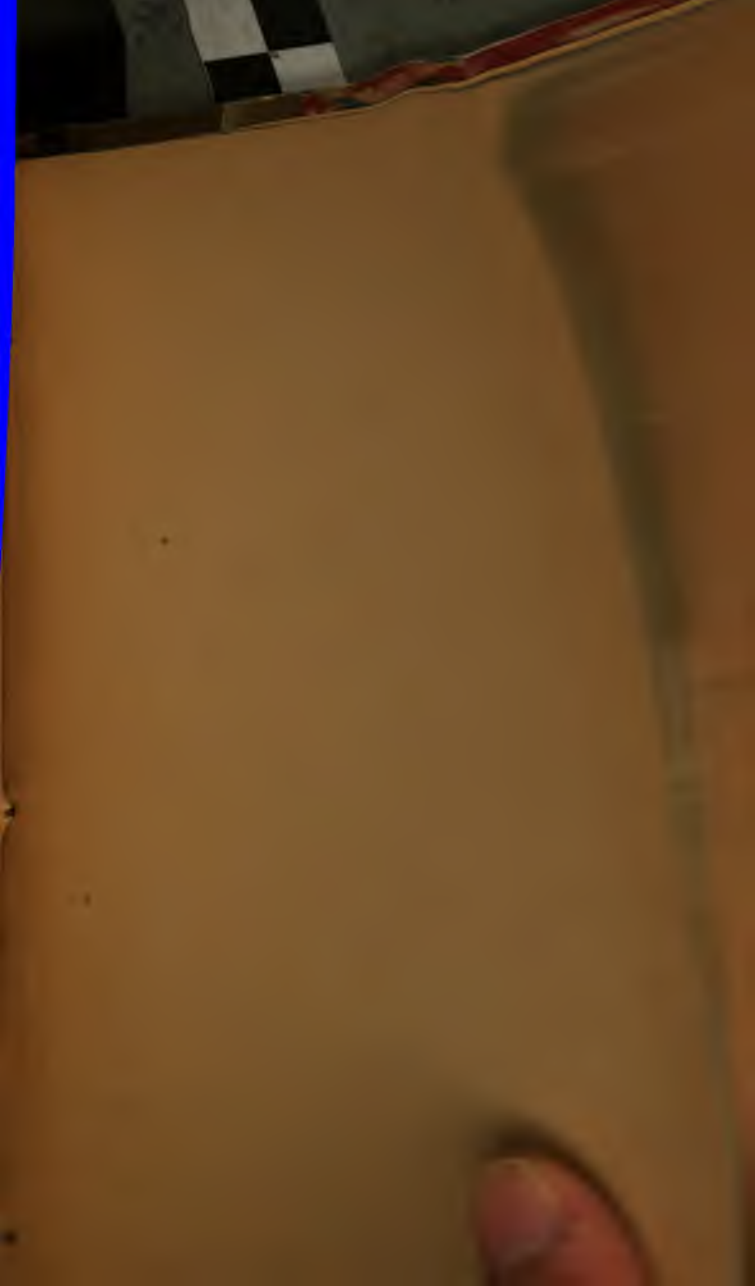

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CANADIAN BALLADS

AND

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

BY

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, M.P.P.

Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOVELL;

Toronto:
WM. C. F. CAVERHILL, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
YONGE NEAR KING STREET;
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TO

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, Esq., M.P.P

MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS AND LAND

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA,

IN MEMORY

OF

Old Times.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of the Ballads contained in this little volume presents them to the younger generation of Canadians, as an attempt to show, most inadequately as he feels, that by those who are blessed with the divine gift of poesy, many worthy themes may be found, without quitting their own country.

That we shall one day be a great northern nation, and develope within ourselves that best fruit of nationality, a new and lasting literature, is the firm belief, at least of those to whom this volume is mainly addressed. And here I would remind them, that, of all the forms of patriotism, a wise, public-spirited patriotism in literature, is not the least admirable. It is, indeed, glorious to die in battle in defence of our homes or altars; but not less glorious is it to live to celebrate

the virtues of our heroic countrymen, to adorn the history, or to preserve the traditions of our country. From Homer's age to that of Scott, Moore, and Béranger, Patriotism has been the passion of the noblest succession of sweet singers the world ever saw—and the civic virtue they celebrated has, in turn, immortalized their own names.

Simply as an offering of first-fruits, I present this little volume to the young people of Canada. Hereafter, if greater leisure is allowed me, I may hope to do something better in the same direction.

MONTREAL, *December*, 1858.

Canadian Ballads.

SEBASTIAN CABOT TO HIS LADY. (1)

I.

Dear my Lady, you will understand
By these presents coming to your hand,
Written in the Hyperborean seas
(Where my love for you doth never freeze),
Underneath a sky obscured with light,
Albeit called of mariner's the night,
That my thoughts are not of lands unknown,
Nor crypts of gold within the southern zone,
But of a treasure dearer far to me,
In a fair isle of the ship-shadowed sea.

II.

I asked the Sun but lately, as he set,
If my dear Lady in his course he met—
That she was matronly and passing tall,
That her young brow covered deep thought withal—
And the sun spoke not; next I asked the Wind
Which lately left my native shores behind,
If he had seen my Love the groves among,
That round our home their guardian shelter flung,
If he had heard the voice of song arise
From that dear roof beneath the eastern skies,
If he had borne a prayer to heaven from thee
For a lone ship and thy lone Lord at sea?
And the Wind answered not, but fled amain,
As if he feared my questioning again.

III.

Anon the Moon, the meek-faced minion, rose,
But nothing of my Love could she disclose;
Then my soul moved by its strong will, trod back
The shimmering vestige of our vessel's track,
And I beheld you, darling, by our hearth:
Gone was your girlish bloom and maiden mirth,
And Care's too early print was on the brow,
Where I have seen the sunshine sham'd ere now;
And as unto your widowed bed you passed
I saw no more—tears blinded me at last.

IV.

But mourn not, Mary; let no dismal dream
Darken the current of Hope's flowing stream.
Trust Him who sets his stars on high to guide
Us, sinful sailors, through the pathless tide:
The God who feeds the myriads of the deep,
And spreads the oozy couches where they sleep:
The God who gave even me a perfect wife,
The star, the lamp, the compass of my life;
He will replace me on a tranquil shore,
To live with Love and you for evermore.

V.

The watch is set, the tired sailors sleep,
The star-eyed sky o'erhangs the dreamy deep—
No more, no more; I can no farther write;
Vain are my sighs, and weak my words this night;
But kneeling here, amid the seething sea,
I pray to God, my best beloved, for thee;
And if that prayer be heard, as well it may,
Our parting night shall have a glorious day.

JACQUES CARTIER.

I.

In the sea-port of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

II.

A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

III.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss
He was rearing on Mount-Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

IV.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

V.

But when he chang'd the strain—he told how soon is cast
In early Spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the Winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

VI.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John. (2)

VII.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

JACQUES CARTIER AND THE CHILD.

I.

When Jacques Cartier returned from his voyage to the westward
All was uproar in Saint Malo and shouting of welcome.
Dear to his heart were the hail and the grasp of his townsmen,
And dear to his pride the favor and thanks of King Francis.
But, of all who drew nigh—such was the cast of his nature—
A God-child beloved, he most delighted to answer
On all the surmises that fill the fancy of children.

II.

"Tell me," she said, "what you found far away in the woodlands,
Say how you felt, when you saw the Savages standing
Armed on the shore, and heard the first sound of their war-cry?
Were you afraid then?" Quietly smil'd the brave sailor—

"Nay, little daughter," he said, "I was not afraid of the red men;
But when I saw them, I sigh'd, alas! for the bondage,
The darkness, that hangs over all the lost children of Adam.
As I in the depths of their forest might wander and wander
Deeper and deeper, and finding no outlet forever—
So they in the old desolation of folly and error
Are lost to their kindred divine in mansions eternal."

III.

"And then, daughter dearest, I blest God in truth and in secret,
That he had not suffered my lot to be with the heathen,
But cast it in France—among a people so Christian;
And then I bethought me, peradventure to me it is given
To lead the vanguard of Truth to the inmost recesses
Of this lost region of souls who know not the Gospel.
And these were the thoughts I had far away in the woodlands,
When I saw the savages armed, and heard the roar of their war-cry."

THE DEATH OF HUDSON.

The slayer *Death* is every where, and many a mask hath he,
Many and awful are the shapes in which he sways the sea;
Sometimes within a rocky aisle he lights his candle dim,
And sits half-sheeted in the foam, chanting a funeral hymn;
Full often 'mid the roar of winds we hear his awful cry
Hounding the lightning on its prey through the beclouded sky;
Sometimes he hides 'neath tropic waves, and as the ship sails o'er
He holds her fast to the fiery sun, till the crew can breathe more.

There is no land so far away but he meeteth mankind there,
He liveth at the icy pole with the Berg and the shaggy Bear,
Or smileth from the Southron capes like a May-Queen in her flowers,
Or falleth o'er the Indian seas, dissolved in summer showers;
But of all the sea-shapes he hath worn, may mariners never know
Such fate as Henrich Hudson found, in the labyrinths of snow— (3)
The cold North Seas' Columbus, whose bones lie far, interred
Under those frigid waters where no song was ever heard.

'Twas when he sail'd from Amsterdam, in the adventurous quest
Of an ice-shor'd strait, thro' which to reach the Orient by the West;
His dastard crew—their thin blood chilled beneath the Arctic sky—
Combined against him in the night, his hands and feet they tie,
And bind him in a helmless boat on that dread sea to sail—
Ah, me! an oarless, shadowy skiff, as schoolboy's vessel frail.
Seven sick men and his only son his comrades were to be,
But ere they left the Crescent's side the chief spoke dauntlessly:—

"Ye, Mutineers! I ask no act of mercy at your hands,
My fate I feel must steer me to Death's still-silent lands;
But there is one man in the ship who sailed with me of yore
By many a bay and headland of the New-World's eastern shore;
From India's heats to Greenland's snows he dared to follow me,
And is HE turned the traitor too, is he in league with ye?"
Uprose a voice from the mutineers, "Not I, my chief, not I—
I'll take my old place by your side, tho' it be but to die."

Before his chief could bid him back, he's standing at his side:—
The cable 's cut—away they drift, over the twilight tide.
No word from any lip came forth, their strain'd eyes steadily glare
At the vacant gloom, where late the ship had left them to despair.
On the dark waters long was seen a line of foamy light—
It passed, like the hem of an angel's robe, away from their eager sight.
Then each man grasped his fellow's hand, and groan'd, but nothing spake,
While on through pallid gloom their boat drifts moaningly and weak.

Seven sick men, dying, in a skiff five hundred leagues from shore—
Oh! never was such a crew afloat on this world's waves before;
Seven stricken forms, seven sinking hearts of seven short-breathing men,
Drifting over the Sharks' abode, along by the white Bear's den.
Oh! 'twas not there they could be nurs'd in homeliness and ease,
One short day saw seven bodies sink, whose souls God rest in peace!
The one who first expir'd had most to note the splash he made,
Yet each one prayed to be the last, and each the blow delay'd.

Three still remain. 'My son, my son, hold up your head,
my son;
Alas! alas! my faithful mate, I fear his life is gone.'
So spoke the trembling father—two cold hands in his breast,
Breathing upon his dead boy's face,—too soft to break his
rest.
The roar of battle could not wake that sleeper from his sleep;
The trusty sailor softly lets him down to the yawning deep;
The fated father hid his face whilst this was being done,
Still murmuring mournfully and low, 'My son, my only son.'

Another night; uncheerily beneath that heartless sky,
The iceberg sheds its livid light upon them drifting by,
And each beholds the other's face all spectre-like and wan,
'Till even in that dread solitude man feared the eye of man!
Afar they hear the pelting surge sound from the banks of
frost,
Many a hoar cape round about looms like a giant ghost,
And fast or slow as they drift on, they hear the Bears on shore,
Trooping down to the icy strand watching them evermore.

The morning dawns; unto their eyes the light hath lost its
cheer,
Nor distant sail, nor drifting spar, within their ken appear.
Embayed in ice the coffin-like boat sleeps on the waveless
tide,
Where rays of deathly cold cold light converge from every
side.

Slow crept the blood into their hearts, each manly pulse
stood still,
Huge haggard Bears kept watch above on every crystal hill.
Anon the doomed men were entranced, by the potent frigid air,
And they dream, as drowning men have dreamt, of fields far
off and fair.

What phantoms filled each cheated brain, no mortal ever
knew;
What ancient storms they weather'd o'er, what seas explor'd
anew;
What vast designs for future days—what home-hope, or
what fear—
There was no one 'mid the ice-lands to chronicle or hear.
So still they sat, the wizard Seals bethought them they were
dead,
And each raised from the waters up his cautious human
head,
Then circled round th' arrested boat, like vampires round a
grave,
Till frighted at their own resolve, they plunged beneath the
wave.

Evening closed round the moveless boat, still sat entranc'd
the twain,
When lo! the ice unlocks its arms, the tide pours in amain!
Away upon the streaming brine the feeble skiff is borne,
The shaggy monsters howl behind their farewells all forlorn.

The crashing ice, the current's roar, broke Hudson's fairy spell,
But never more shall this world wake his comrade tried so well!
That trusty heart is chill'd for aye, yet shall its truth be told,
When the memories of kings are worn from marble and from gold.

Onward, onward, the helpless chief—the dead man for his mate!
The Shark far down in ocean's depth snuffs the passing of that freight,
And bounding from his dread abyss, he scents the upper air,
Then follows on the path it took, like lion from its lair.
O! God, it was a fearful voyage and fearful companie,
Nor wonder that the stout sea-chief quivered from brow to knee.
O! who would blame his hero heart, if e'en *it* quaked for fear,
While whirl'd along on such a sea, with such attendant near!

The Shark hath found a readier prey, and turned him from the chase;
The boat hath *made* another bay—a drearier pausing place.
O'erarching piles of blue-veined ice admitted to its still,
White, fathomless waters, palsied like the doom'd man's fetter'd will.

Powerless he sat—that chief escaped so oft by sea and land—
Death breathing o'er him—all so weak he could not lift a hand.
Even his bloodless lips refused a last short prayer to speak,
But angels listen at the heart when the voice of man is weak.

His heart and eye were suppliant turned to the ocean's Lord on high,
The Borealis lustres bright were gathering in the sky,
From South and North, from East and West, they clustered o'er the spot
Where breathed his last the gallant chief whose grave man seeth not;
They marked him die with steadfast gaze, as tho' in heaven there were
A passion to behold how man the direst fate may bear;
They watched him through the livelong night—these couriers of the sky,
Then fled to tell the listening stars how 'twas they saw him die.

He sleepeth where old Winter's realm no genial air invades
His spirit burneth bright in heaven among the glorious shades
Whose God-like doom on earth it was creation to unfold,
Spanning this mighty orb of ours as through the spheres it rolled.

His name is written on the deep,* the rivers † as they run
Will bear it timeward o'er the world, telling what he hath done;
The story of his voyage to Death, amid the Arctic frosts,
Will be told to unborn ages on earth's remotest coasts.

---

* Hudson's Bay. † The Hudson River.

THE LAUNCH OF THE GRIFFIN.

I.

Within Cayuga's forest shade
The stocks were set—the keel was laid—
Wet with the nightly forest dew,
The frame of that first vessel grew. (4)
Strange was the sight upon the brim
Of the swift river, even to him
The builder of the barque;
To see its artificial lines
Festooned with summer's sudden vines,
Another New-World's ark.

II.

As rounds to ripeness manhood's schemes
Out of youth's fond, disjointed dreams,
So ripened in her kindred wood
That traveller of the untried flood.
And often as the evening sun
Gleamed on the group, their labor done—
The Indian prowling out of sight
Of corded Friar and belted Knight—
smiled upon them as they smiled,
The builders on the barque—their child!

III.

The hour has come: upon the stocks
The mast'd hull already rocks—
The mallet in the master's hand
Is pois'd to launch her from the land.
Beside him, partner of his quest
For the great river of the West,
Stands th' adventurous *Recollect*
Whose page records that anxious day. (5)
To him the master would defer
The final act—he will not hear
That any else than him who plann'd,
Should launch "the Griffin" from the land.
In courteous conflict they contend
The Knight and Priest, as friend with friend—
In that strange savage scene
The swift blue river glides before,
And still Niagara's awful roar
Booms through the vistas green.

IV.

And now the mallet falls, stroke—stroke—
On prop of pine and wedge of oak
The vessel feels her way;
The quick mechanics leap aside
As, rushing downward to the tide,
She dashes them with spray.

The ready warp arrests her course,
And holds her for a while perforce,
While on her deck the merry crew
Man every rope, loose every clew,
And spread her canvas free.
Away! 'tis done! the Griffin floats,
First of Lake Erie's winged boats—
Her flag the *Fleur-de-lis*.

V.

Gun after gun proclaims the hour,
As nature yields to human power;
And now upon the deeper calm
The Indian hears the holy psalm—
Laudamus to the Lord of Hosts!
Whose name unknown on all their coasts,
The inmost wilderness shall know,
Wafted upon yon wings of snow
That, sinking in the waters blue,
Seem but some lake-bird lost to view.

VI.

In old romance and fairy lays
Its wondrous part the Griffin plays—
Grimly it guards the gloomy gate
Sealed by the strong behest of Fate—
Or, spreading its portentous wings,
Wafts Virgil to the Court of Kings;

And unto scenes as wondrous shall
Thy Griffin bear thee, brave La Salle.
Thy wing'd steed shall stall where grows
On Michigan the sweet wild rose;
Lost in the mazes of St. Clair,
Shall give thee hope amid despair,
And bear thee past those Isles of dread
The Huron peoples with the dead,
Where foot of savage never trod
Within the precinct of his god; (6)
And it may be thy lot to trace
The footprints of the unknown race
'Graved on Superior's iron shore,
Which knows their very name no more. (7)
Through scenes so vast and wondrous shall
Thy Griffin bear thee, brave La Salle—
True Wizard of the Wild! whose art,
An eye of power, a knightly heart,
A patient purpose silence-nurst,
A high, enduring, saintly trust—
Are mighty spells—we honor these,
Columbus of the inland seas!

THE ARCTIC INDIAN'S FAITH.

I.

We worship the spirit that walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow:
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know.

II.

Does the Buffalo need the Pale-face word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?
Who teacheth the Moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade—
Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the Moose has made? (8)

III.

Him do we follow, Him do we fear—
The spirit of earth and sky;—
Who hears with the *Wapiti's** eager ear
His poor red children's cry.
Whose whisper we note in every breeze
That stirs the birch canoe—
Who hangs the reindeer moss on the trees
For the food of the *Caribou*. (9)

IV.

That Spirit we worship who walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow:
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know.

---

* *Wapiti*—the Elk.

"OUR LADYE OF THE SNOW!"

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek in witness of the deed
Our Ladye of the Snow! (10)

I.

In the old times when France held sway
From the Balize to Hudson's Bay
O'er all the forest free,
A noble Breton cavalier
Had made his home for many a year
Beside the Rivers three.

II.

To tempest and to trouble proof
Rose in the wild his glitt'ring roof
To every trav'ler dear;
The Breton song, the Breton dance,
The very atmosphere of France,
Diffused a generous cheer.

III.

Strange sight that on those fields of snow
The genial vine of Gaul should grow
Despite the frigid sky!
Strange power of Man's all-conqu'ring will,
That here the hearty Frank can still
A Frenchman live and die!

IV.

The Seigneur's hair was ashen grey,
But his good heart held holiday,
As when in youthful pride
He bared his shining blade before
De Tracey's regiment on the shore
Which France has glorified.

V.

Gay in the field, glad in the hall,
The first at danger's frontier call,
The humblest devotee—
Of God and of St. Catherine dear
Was the stout Breton cavalier
Beside the Rivers three.

VI.

When bleak December's chilly blast
Fettered the flowing waters fast,
And swept the frozen plain—
When with a frightened cry, half heard,
Far southward fled the arctic bird,
Proclaiming winter's reign—

VII.

His custom was, come foul, come fair,
For Christmas duties to repair,
Unto the *Ville Marie*,
The city of the mount, which north
Of the great River looketh forth,
Across its sylvan sea.

VIII.

Fast fell the snow, and soft as sleep,
The hillocks looked like frozen sheep,
Like giants grey the hills—
The sailing pine seemed canvas-spread,
With its white burden overhead,
And marble hard the rills.

IX.

A thick dull light where ray was none
Of moon or star, or cheerful sun,
Obscurely showed the way—
While merrily upon the blast
The jingling horse-bells, pattering fast,
'Tim'd the glad roundelay.

X.

Swift eve came on, and faster fell
The winnowed storm on ridge and dell,
Effacing shape and sign—
Until the scene grew blank at last,
As when some seamen from the mast
Looks o'er th' shoreless brine.

XI.

Nor marvel aught to find ere long
In such a scene the death of song
Upon the bravest lips—
The empty only could be loud
When Nature fronts us in her shroud
Beneath the sky's eclipse.

XII.

Nor marvel more to find the steed
Though fam'd for spirit and for speed,
Drag on a painful pace—
With drooping crest and faltering foot,
And painful whine, the weary brute
Seems conscious of disgrace.

XIII.

Until he paused with mortal fear,
Then plaintive sank upon the mere
Stiff as a steed of stone—
In vain the master winds his horn,
None save the howling wolves forlorn
Attend the dying roan.

XIV.

Sad was the heart and sore the plight
Of the benumb'd, bewildered knight
Now scrambling thro' the storm.
At every step he sank apace—
The death dew freezing on his face—
In vain each loud alarm!

XV.

The torpid echoes of the Rock
Answered with one unearthly mock
Of danger round about!
Then muffled in their snowy robes,
Retiring sought their bleak abodes,
And gave no second shout.

XVI.

Down on his knees himself he cast,
Deeming that hour to be his last,
Yet mindful of his faith—
He prayed St. Catherine and St. John
And our dear Ladye called upon
For grace of happy death

XVII.

When lo! a light beneath the trees,
Which clank their brilliants in the breeze,
And lo! a phantom fair,
As God's in heaven! by that blest light,
Our Lady's self rose to his sight,
In robes that spirits wear!

XVIII.

Oh! lovelier, lovelier far than pen,
Or tongue, or art, or fancy's ken
Can picture, was her face—
Gone was the sorrow of the sword,
And the last passion of our Lord
Had left no living trace!

XIX.

As when the moon across the moor
Points the lost peasant to his door,
And glistens on his pane—
Or when along her trail of light
Belated boatmen steer at night,
A harbor to regain—

XX.

So the warm radiance from her hands
Unbind for him Death's icy bands,
And nerve the sinking heart—
Her presences make a perfect path.
Ah! he who such a helper hath
May anywhere depart.

XXI.

All trembling, as she onward smil'd,
Followed that Knight our mother mild,
Vowing a grateful vow—
Until far down the mountain gorge,
She led him to the antique forge,
Where her own shrine stands now.

XXII.

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek in witness of the deed,
Our Ladye of the Snow!

THE SEA CAPTAIN. (11)

I.

The anchor is up and the broad sails are spread,
The good ship is adrift from the land,
And the sportive spray sprinkles the fair figure-head,
As if flung from some sea-spirits hand.

II.

The wind pipes aloud thro' cordage and spars
The sea-boy sings back to the wind,
The day is all sunshine, the night is all stars—
Was never old Neptune more kind.

III.

But the master he paceth the deck to and fro,
(Impatient of fortune I ween!)
Now his footstep is hurried, now leaden and slow,
As he mutters his shut lips between.

IV.

And his eye fiercely glares at the blue blessed sky,
As if all his tormenting lay there:
Now he smiteth his breast as to stifle a sigh,
A sigh that resounds of despair.

V.

'Tis the midwatch of night—still unwearied he stalks
To and fro in the moonlight so dim;
And unto himself or some phantom he talks,
While the phantom seems talking to him.

VI.

Afar o'er the waters, an index of light,
Points the eye to the darkness intense;
Say, whence comes the skiff that entrances his sight—
What destiny carries it hence?

VII.

There standeth a form where the mast might have stood,
As a sail her scarf catches the breeze—
And the 'kerchief she waves has the color of blood,
While her girdle hangs loose to her knees.

VIII.

There is sin, there is shame, there is shipwreck of fame,
In the eye, on the brow of the maid—
No need unto him that she should name her name,
At a glance the whole story is said.

IX.

To the ship's side she drew in her ghostly canoe,
For a moment has waited her prey:
In vain shout the crew, to the phantom he flew—
In the darkness they vanish away.

X.

When the Priest heard the tale by the gossips told o'er,
"Of a truth,"—so he said,—"it may be:
For the sins men imagine they leave upon shore
Do follow them often to sea."

THOMAS MOORE AT ST. ANNES. (12)

On these swift waters borne along,
A Poet from the farther shore
Framed as he went his solemn song,
And set it by the boatman's oar.

II.

It was his being law to sing
From morning dawn to evening light—
Like nature's choristers, his wing
And voice were only still'd at night.

III.

Nor did all nights bring him repose:
For, by the moon's auspicious ray,
Like Philomela on her rose,
His song eclipsed the songs of day.

IV.

He came a stranger summer bird,
And quickly passed; but as he flew
Our river's glorious song he heard,
His tongue was loos'd—he warbled too.

v.

And, mark the moral, ye who dream
To be the Poets of the land:
He nowhere found a nobler theme
Than you, ye favor'd, have at hand.

vi.

Not in the storied summer Isles,
Not 'mid the classic Cyclades,
Not where the Persian Sun-God smiles,
Found he more fitting theme than these.

vii.

So, while our boat glides swift along,
Behold! from shore there looketh forth
The tree that bears the fruit of song—
The Laurel tree that loves the North.

ARM AND RISE

I.

Arm and Rise! no more repining,
See, the glorious sun is shining—
What a world that sun beholds!
White ships glancing o'er the ocean,
All Earth's tides, too, in swift motion,
Pouring onward to their goals.

II.

'Tis no life for sighing, dreaming,
Read the riddle—full of meaning—
Written on your own broad palm;
For this needs no gipsey guesses,
Here the line that curses, blesses—
Say, I shall be—say I am!

III.

You have borne the parting trial,
Dare the rest; let no denial
Daunt your hope at Fortune's door;
See, a new world waits your wooing,
Courage is the soul of sueing—
All things yield the brave before.

IV.

One tear to the recollections
Of our happy young affections,
One prayer for the ancestral dead,
Then right on; the sun is shining,
No more doubting or repining,
Firms the path on which we tread.

V.

In the forest stands the Castle,
Silent, gloomy, bell nor wassail
Echoes through its sable halls;
Night and chaos guard its portals,
They shall bow even to us, mortals,
Strike! and down their standard falls.

VI.

On the round Canadian cedars
Legends high await but readers,
From the oaks charm'd shields depen ;
Strike! thou true and only champion,
Lord of the first land you camp on!
Strike! and win your crown, my Friend!

VII.

Crowns—aye, golden, jewelled, glorious—
Hang, in reach, before and o'er us :
Sovereign manhood's lawful prize—
He, who bears a Founder's spirit
To the forest shall inherit
All its rights and royalties.

ALONG THE LINE!

A. D. 1812.

Steady be your beacon's blaze
Along the line! along the line!
Freely sing dear Freedom's praise
Along the line! along the line!
Let the only sword you draw
Bear the legend of the law,
Wield it less to strike than awe,
Along the line! along the line!

II.

Let them rail against the North,
Beyond the line! beyond the line!
When it sends its heroes forth,
Along the line! along the line!
On the field or in the camp
They shall tremble at your tramp,
Men of the old Norman stamp,
Along the line! along the line!

III.

Wealth and pride may rear their crests,
Beyond the line! beyond the line!
They bring no terror to our breasts,
Along the line! along the line!
We have never bought or sold
Afric's sons with Mexic's gold,
Conscience arms the free and bold,
Along the line! along the line!

IV.

Steadfast stand, and sleepless ward,
Along the line! along the line!
Great the treasures that you guard
Along the line! along the line!
By the babes whose sons shall be
Crowned in far futurity,
With the laurels of the free,
Stand your guard along the line!

FREEDOM'S JOURNEY.

I.

Freedom! a nursling of the North,
Rock'd in the arms of stormy pines,
On fond adventure wander'd forth
Where south the sun superbly shines;
The prospect shone so bright and fair,
She dream't her home was there, was there.

II.

She lodged 'neath many a gilded roof,
They gave her praise in many a hall,
Their kindness check'd the free reproof,
Her heart dictated to let fall;
She heard the Negro's helpless prayer,
And felt her home could not be there.

III.

She sought thro' rich Savannah's green
And in the proud Palmetto grove,
But where her Altar should have been
She found nor liberty nor love;
A cloud came o'er her forehead fair,
She found no shrine to freedom there.

IV.

Back to her native scenes she turn'd,
Back to the hardy, kindly North,
Where bright aloft the Pole-star burned,
Where stood her shrine by every hearth;
"Back to the North I will repair,"
The Goddess cried, "my home is there."

AN INTERNATIONAL SONG.

[CHORUS.]

Comrades! awhile suspend your glee,
And fill your glasses solemnly,
—I give the Brave Man's Memory.

I.

There is one Brotherhood on Earth,
Whereto brave men belong by birth,
And he who will not honor one,
Wherever found—himself is none—
Comrades! awhile, &c.

II.

Where'er they fought, howe'er they fell,
The question is—was't ill or well;
Victors or vanquished—did they stand
True to the flag they had in hand?
Comrades! awhile, &c.

III.

What! shall we then at Waterloo
Deny to either, honor due?
Belie the hero of the day,
Or grudge the fame of gallant Ney?
Comrades! awhile, &c.

IV.

Who looks on Abram's storied plain
May honor most one hero's name;
But we conjoin to-night the three—
Here's Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery.
Comrades! awhile, &c

TO A FRIEND IN AUSTRALIA.

Old Friend! though distant far,
  Your image nightly shines upon my soul;
I yearn towards it as towards the star
  That points through darkness to the ancient pole.

Out of my heart the longing wishes fly,
  As to some rapt Elias, Enoch, Seth;
Yours is another earth, another sky,
  And I, I feel that distance is like death.

Oh! for one week amid the emerald fields,
  Where the Avoca sings the song of Moore;
Oh! for the odour the brown heather yields,
  To glad the Pilgrim's heart on Glenmalur.

Yet is there still what meeting could not give,
  A joy most suited of all joys to last;
For ever in fair memory there must live
  The bright, unclouded picture of the Past.

Old Friend! the years wear on, and many cares
And many sorrows both of us have known;
Time for us both a quiet couch prepares—
A couch like Jacob's, pillowed with a stone.

And oh! when thus we sleep may we behold
Th' angelic ladder of the Patriarch's dream;
And may my feet upon its rungs of gold
Your's follow, as of old, by hill and stream.

APOSTROPHE TO THE BOYNE. (13)

Bride of Loch Ramor, gently seaward stealing,
In thy placid depths hast thou no feeling
Of the stormy gusts of other days?
Does thy heart, O gentle, nun-faced river,
Passing Schomberg's obelisk, not quiver,
While the shadow on thy bosom weighs?

Thou hast heard the sounds of martial clangor,
Seen fraternal forces clash in anger,
In thy Sabbath valley, River Boyne!
Here have ancient Ulster's hardy forces,
Dressed their ranks, and fed their travelled horses,
Tara's hosting as they rode to join.

Forgettest thou that silent summer morning,
When William's bugles sounded sudden warning,
And James's answered, chivalrously clear!
When rank to rank gave the death-signal duly,
And volley answered volley quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the startled ear?

The thrush and linnet fled beyond the mountains,
The fish in Inver Colpa sought their fountains,
The unchas'd deer ran through Tredagh's* gates;
St. Mary's bells in their high places trembled,
And made a mournful music which resembled
A hopeless prayer to the unpitying Fates.

Ah! well for Ireland had the battle ended
When James forsook what William well defended,
Crown, friends, and kingly cause;
Well, if the peace thy bosom did recover
Had breathed its benediction broadly over
Our race, and rites, and laws.

Not in thy depths, not in thy fount, Loch Ramor!
Were brewed the bitter strife and cruel clamor
Our wisest long have mourned;
Foul Faction falsely made thy gentle current
To Christian ears a stream and name abhorrent,
And all its sweetness into poison turned.

But, as of old God's Prophet sweetened Mara,
Even so, blue bound of Ulster and of Tara,
Thy waters to our Exodus give life;
Thrice holy hands thy lineal foes have wedded,
And healing olives in thy breast embedded,
And banished far the bitterness of strife.†

* Tredagh, now Drogheda.
† An allusion to the Irish Tenant League.

Before thee we have made a solemn Fœdus,
And for Chief Witness called on Him who made us,
Quenching before His eyes the brands of hate;
Our pact is made, for brotherhood and union,
For equal laws to class and communion—
Our wounds to stanch—our land to liberate.

Our trust is not in musket or in sabre—
Our faith is in the fruitfulness of labor,
The soul-stirred willing soil;
In homes and granaries by justice guarded,
In fields from blighting winds and agents warded,
In franchis'd skill and manumitted toil.

Grant us, O God, the soil, and sun, and seasons!
Avert Despair, the worst of moral treasons,
Make vaunting words be vile.
Grant us, we pray, but wisdom, peace and patience,
And we will yet re-lift among the nations
Our fair and fallen, but unforsaken Isle!

NOTES TO CANADIAN BALLADS.

Page 9. (1)

Sebastian Cabot to his Lady—To the reader whose idea of Sebastian Cabot is associated with the usual pictures of him, taken when he was nearly four score, it may be necessary to remark, that he received his first commission from King Henry VII., jointly with his father, John Cabot, and discovered the Labrador coast, in his twenty-first year, (A. D. 1497). The ardent passion attributed to him, in the ballad, would not be inconsistent with his age, in either his first or second expeditions.

Page 14. (2)

"Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them by the Gospel of St. John."

"So great was the veneration for the white men, that the chief of the town (Hochelaga), and many of the maimed, sick, and infirm, came to Jacques Cartier, entreating him, by expressive signs, to cure their ills. The pious Frenchman disclaimed any supernatural power, but he read aloud part of the Gospel of Saint John, made the sign of the cross over the sufferers, and presented them with chaplets and holy symbols; he then prayed earnestly that the poor savages might be freed from the night of ignorance and infidelity. The Indians regarded these acts and words with deep gratitude and respectfu admiration."—*Warburton's Canada*, vol. i., p. 66.

Page 17. (3)

"Such fate as Henrich Hudson found in the labyrinths of snow."

The incident on which this ballad is founded is related in Bancroft's "History of the Colonization of America," vol. ii. The name of the faithful sailor, who preferred certain death to abandoning his captain in the last extremity, was Phillip Staafe—a Hollander, no doubt.

Page 25. (4)

"Within Cayuga's forest shade
The stocks were set—the keel was laid—
Wet with the nightly forest dew,
The frame of that first vessel grew."

The launch of the first sailed vessel that ever navigated the great lakes, an event in itself so well worthy of commemoration, is made still more note-worthy by the circumstances which surrounded it. and of which we have fortunately more than one account from the pens of eye-witnesses. The accuracy of Hennepin's Journal (*Description de la Louisiane,*) has been disputed in detail, and its pretensions and egotisms severely censured by several recent writers on those times; but I believe the very full details he supplies of the beginning of the Sieur de La Salle's expedition, and the building of the "Griffin," (at Cayuga Creek, a few miles above Niagara Falls, on what is now "the American side,") have not been questioned. Father Louis Membre, also a Recollect, an eye-witness, has left us a briefer account, which is embodied by Le Clerq in his "First Establishment of the Faith in New France," published at Paris in 1691, and extracted in Mr. J. G. Shea's "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," New York, 1852. Father Membre relates that the building of the barque above the Falls was decided on by La Salle in the winter of 1678, and commenced in the following spring; that she was launched on the 7th

of August, and was "named the 'Griffin' in honour of the arms of Monsieur de Frontenac"—the Captain-General of Canada, or New France. The same day, Fathers Hennepin, Membre, and de la Rebourde—another Recollect—embarked with the expedition, and they quickly passed, "contrary to all expectations, the current," and entered on the broad expanse of Lake Erie. The "Griffin" was rigged as a brigantine, carried two or three brass guns, was of 40 or 50 tons burthen, and as she entered Lake Erie the magnificent *Te Deum Laudamus* arose from her deck, and was wafted for the first time across its blue waste of waters. She bore her gallant crew through many perils, as far as Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, but on the return voyage to Niagara, after landing La Salle and the Recollects, to continue their journey overland to the Mississippi, foundered and was lost.

Page 26. (5)

"Stands th' adventurous *Recollect*
Whose page records that anxious day."

Father Hennepin.

Page 28. (6)

"——— those isles of dread
The Huron peoples with the dead."

The Manitoulin Isles, in Lake Huron, were supposed by the aborigines to be the special abode of the great *Manitou*, and were feared and reverenced accordingly.

Page 28. (7)

"And it may be thy lot to trace
The footprints of the unknown race
'Graved on Superior's iron shore,
Which knows their very name no more."

"That this region was resorted to by a barbaric race for the purpose

of procuring copper, long before it became known to the white man, is evident from numerous memorials scattered throughout its entire extent. Whether these ancient miners belonged to the race who built the mounds found so abundantly on the Upper Mississippi and its affluents, or were the progenitors of the Indians now inhabiting the country, is a matter of conjecture. * * * * * *
The high antiquity of this rude mining is inferred from the fact, that the existing race of Indians have no tradition, by what people or at what period it was done. The places, even, were unknown to the oldest of the band, until pointed out by the white man."—*Whitney & Foster's Report on the Mining Region of Lake Superior*, published by the U. S. Congress.

Page 29. (8)

"Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the moose has made."

The habit of these sagacious animals, running in what may be called Indian file, baffles the hunter of the North-west in judging of the extent of a herd by their tracks through the snow. The fact is repeatedly stated by writers on the North-west territory.

Page 30. (9)

"Who hangeth the reindeer moss on the trees
For the food of the *Caribou*."

In the region known as the Barrens, in the extreme North-east of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions, where "the soil" is one interminable stretch of arid pummice-stone, Nature has still provided for the existence of the gentle and valuable *Caribou*, by clothing the stunted shrubbery, wherever it appears, with what is called "Reindeer moss," a substitute for the dearth of herbage.

Page 31. (10)

"There you may hear what here you read,
And seek in witness of the deed
Our Ladye of the Snow."

The original church of *Notre Dame des Neiges* stood upon what is now "the Priests' Farm," on the southern slope of the Mountain of Montreal. It was originally surrounded by the habitations of the converted Indians and their instructors, of "the Mountain Mission." The wall of defence and two towers still remain, in good preservation, fronting on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal. The present chapel of the same name stands in the Village of *Cote des Neiges*, behind the Mountain.

Page 39. (11)

The Sea Captain.—The legend under this title is a favorite among sailors. I heard it related, many years ago, with the greatest gravity, by an "Old Salt," who laid the scene of the ghostly abduction in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Page 42. (12)

Thomas Moore at St. Annes.—At St. Annes, near the junction of the upper branch of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, they show a particular spot as the place where Moore composed his well-known "Canadian Boat-song." As the poet himself is silent on the subject in the note with which he accompanied the song, in his "Poems relating to America," we may give St. Annes the benefit of the doubt. It may not be amiss to remark, that, to this flying visit of Moore's, which occupied him only from the 22d of July, 1804, when he reached Chippewa, till the 10th of October, when he sailed from Halifax for England, we are indebted not only for the Boat-song, but "the Woodpecker," and the ballad "Written on passing Dead-man's Island,"—poems which must certainly be included in any future Canadian Anthology.

Page 55. (13)

Apostrophe to the Boyne.—These stanzas, originally written several years ago, and included in Hayes' collection of "The Ballads of Ireland," published by Fullarton, (London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, 1855,) are here inserted as an evidence of what the author at the time of writing them considered, and still continues to consider, the true spirit in which the events referred to in them ought alone be remembered by natives of Ireland, whether at home or abroad. In this light he would fain hope they may be acceptable to the general reader in Canada.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

Occasional Verses.

HOME-SICK STANZAS.

I.

Twice had I sailed the Atlantic o'er,
  Twice dwelt an exile in the west;
Twice did kind nature's skill restore
  The quiet of my troubled breast—
As moss upon a rifted tree,
  So time its gentle cloaking did,
But though the wound no eye could see,
  Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

II.

I felt a weight where'er I went—
  I felt a void within my brain;
My day hopes and my dreams were blent
  With sable threads of mental pain;
My eye delighted not to look
  On forest old or rapids grand;
The stranger's pride I scarce could brook,
  My heart was in my own dear land.

III.

Where'er I turned, some emblem still
  Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
  Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace,
  Between its white, cold wings of woe;
Oh, if I had but wings like these,
  Where my peace went I, too, would go.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

I.

"My malison," the Minstrel said,
I give to man or youth,
Who slights a loyal lady's love,
Or trusts a wanton's truth."

II.

"And on his traitor head shall fall
Not only curse of mine,
But cited down, at Nature's call,
God's malison divine!"

III.

"We've borne our Lady to the grave
This weary, weary day,
While our young Earl, a wanton's slave,
Is false, and far away."

IV.

"He riots in his Leman's bower,
He quaffs her philter'd wine.
False Knight! false Love! this very hour,
Where is that wife of thine?"

V.

"He wed her on mid-summer eve
With taper and with ring,
His passion withered with the leaf
But came not with the spring."

VI.

"She marked the change, poor heart! poor heart
She missed him from her side,
She strove to play the stoic's part,
She sickened and she died!"

VII.

"She lies outsretched in churchyard clay
She drinks the deadly dew,
He leads the revels, far away
The noisiest of his crew."

VIII.

"But on his traitor head shall fall
Not only curse of mine
But cited down at Nature's call
God's malison divine!"

CONSOLATION.

I.

Men seek for treasure in the earth,
  Wher I have buried mine,
There never mortal eye shall pierce,
  Nor star nor lamp shall shine!
We know, my love, oh! well we know,
    The secret treasure spot,
Yet must our tears forever fall,
    Because that *they* are not.

II.

How gladly would we give to light
    The ivory forehead fair—
The eye of heavenly beaming blue,
    The clust'ring chesnut hair—
Yet look around this mournful scene
    Of daily earthly life,
And could you wish them back to share
    Its sorrow and its strife?

III.

If blessed Angels stray to Earth,
And seek in vain a shrine,
They needs must back return again
Unto their source divine:
All life obeys the unchanging law
Of Him who took and gave,
We count a glorious saint in heaven
For each child in the grave.

IV.

Look up, my love, look up, afar,
And dry each bitter tear,
Behold three white-robed Innocents
At Heaven's high gate appear!
For you and me and those we love,
They smilingly await,
God grant we may be fit to join
Those Angels of the Gate.

MARY'S HEART.

I.

I know one spot where springs a tide
Of feeling pure as ever ran,
Man's path of destiny beside,
To bless and soothe the heart of man.
By night and noon, be't dark or bright,
That fountain plays its blessed part;
And heaven looks happy at the sight
Of Mary's heart! of Mary's heart!

II.

There's wealth they say in foreign climes,
And fame for those who dare aspire,
And who that does not sigh betimes,
For something better, nobler, higher!
But here is all—a golden mine,
A sea unsailed, a tempting chart;
These, all these may be, nay, *are* mine—
The wide, warm world of Mary's heart!

III.

Blow as ye will, ye winds of fate,
And let Life's trials blackly lower;
I know the Garden and the Gate,
Ye cannot strip my roseate bower.
That safe retreat I still can keep,
Despite of envy's venom'd dart;
Despite of all life's storm, can sleep
Securely lodged in Mary's heart!

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

AN ANTIQUE.

I.

Autumn, the squire of Winter is abroad,
Making much dust upon the breezy road:
His Joseph coat with every hue is gay,
But seems as if 't had known a sunnier day;
His master from the North is drawing nigh,
Fur-clad, and little favor'd to mine eye.

II.

And yet this pie-bald courier doth him wrong—
He loves a friend, a bottle, and a song;
His memory 's a mine, whereof the ore
Is ever-wrought and never-ending lore.
His white locks hide a head full of rare dreams,
Which by a friendly fire with gladness streams,
While Christmas shrives the perishing Old year
He leads the New out from behind the bier.

III.

Oh! motley Autumn, prithee mend thy pace,
I do not like thy costume nor thy face;
Thy hollow laugh and stage proprieties
Tell of a bungling actor ill at ease.
To live such life as thine is shame, is sin—
Prithee fall back—let honest Winter in.

INDEPENDENCE.

I.

Let Fortune frown and foes increase,
And Life's long battle know no peace;
Give me to wear upon my breast
The object of my early quest—
Undimm'd, unbroken, and unchang'd,
The talisman I sought and gain'd—
The jewel, Independence!

II.

It feeds with fire my flagging heart
To act by all a fearless part;
It irrigates like summer rain
The thirsty furrows of my brain;
Through years and cares my sun and star,
A present help—a hope afar—
The jewel, Independence!

III.

Rob me of all the joys of sense,
Curse me with all but impotence;
Fling me upon an ocean oar,
Cast me upon a savage shore;
Slay me! but own above my bier:
"The man now gone, still held while here,
The jewel, Independence!"

THE THREE MINSTRELS.

I.

Three Minstrels play within the Tower of Time,
A weird and wondrous edifice it is;
One sings of war, the martial strain sublime,
And strikes his lyre, as 'twere a foe of his;
The sword upon his thigh is dripping red
From a foe's heart in the mid battle slain;
His plum'd casque is doff'd from his proud head,
His flashing eye preludes the thundrous strain.

II.

Apart, sequester'd in an alcove deep,
Through which the pale moon looks propitious in,
Accompanied by sighs that seem to weep,
The second minstrel sadly doth begin
T' indite his mistress fair but cruel, who
Had trampled on the heart that was her own;
Or prays his harp to help him how to woo,
And thrills with joy at each responsive tone.

III.

Right in the porch, before which, fair and far
Plain, lake and hamlet fill the musing eye,
Gazing toward the thoughtful evening star
That seems transfixed upon the mountain high,
The third of Country and of Duty sings;
Slow and triumphal is the solemn strain;
Like Death, he takes no heed of Chiefs or Kings,
But over all he maketh country reign.

IV.

Sad Dante! he, love-led from life, who found
His way to Eden, and unhappy stood
Amid the angels—he, the cypress-crown'd,
Knew not the utmost gift of public good.
Thoughts deeper and more solemn it inspires
Than even his lofty spirit dare essay;
How then shall we, poor Emberers of old fires,
Kindle the beacons of our country's way?

V.

We all are audience in the Tower of Time;
For us alone at this hour play the three.
Choose which ye will—the martial song sublime,
Or lover fond; but thou my Master be,
Oh! Bard of duty and of country's cause:
Thee will I choose and follow for my lord!
Thy theme my study and thy words my laws—
Muse of the patriot lyre and guardian sword.

'TWAS SOMETHING THEN TO BE A BARD.

I.

In long gone days when he who bore
The potent harp from hall to hall,
His courier running on before,
His castle where he chose to call;
When youthful nobles watched for him,
And ladies fair, with fond regard,
Fill'd the bright wine-cup to the brim,
'Twas something then to be a Bard.

II.

When seated by the chieftain's chair,
The Minstrel told his pictur'd tale,
Of whence they came and who they were,
The ancient stock of Innisfail—
When the grey steward of the house
Laid at his feet the rich reward,
Gay monarch of the long carouse,
'Twas something then to be a Bard.

III.

'Twas glorious then when banners waved,
And chargers neighed, and lances gleamed,
When all was to be borne or braved
That patriot zeal desired or dreamed—
'Twas glorious in mid-host to ride
A king's gift graceful as the 'pard,
With famous captains by his side
Proud of the presence of the Bard.

IV.

'Twas glorious, too, ere age had power
To dim the eye or chill the blood,
To fly to beauty's evening bower,
And lift from beauty's brow the hood:
To feel that Heaven's own sacred flame
Can melt a heart however hard,
To gather love by right of fame—
'Twas glorious then to be a Bard.

GOD BE PRAISED.

I.

I am young and I love labour,
God be praised!
I have many a kindly neighbour,
God be praised!
I've a wife—my whole love bought her,
And a little prattling daughter,
With eyes blue as ocean water,
God be praised!

II.

Care or guilt have not deformed me,
God be praised!
Tasks and trials but informed me,
God be praised!
I have been no base self-seeker;
With the mildest I am meeker;
I have made no brother weaker,
God be praised!

III.

I have dreamt youth's dreams elysian,
God be praised!
And for many an unreal vision,
God be praised!
But of manhood's lesson's sterner
Long I've been a patient learner,
And now wear with ease life's armour,
God be praised!

IV.

The world is not all evil,
God be praised!
It must amend if we will,
God be praised!
Healing vervain oft we find
With fell hemlock intertwined;
Hate, not Love, was born blind,
God be praised!

V.

Calm night to day is neighbour,
God be praised!
So rest succeeds to labour,
God be praised!
By deeds not days lives number,
Time's conquerors still slumber,
Their own master-pieces under,
God be praised!

VI.

Time to the skeptic calleth,
God be praised!
Swift as the star that falleth,
God be praised!
On Time's ever onward river
Let us launch some high endeavour,
That may sail the seas for ever,
To God's praise!

CHRISTMAS MORN.

I.

Up, Christian! hark, the crowing cock
Proclaims the break of day!
Up! light the lamp, undo the lock,
And take the well-known way—
Already through the painted glass
Streams forth the light of early mass.

II.

Our Altar! oh, how fair it shows,
Unto the night-dimm'd eyes—
Oh, surely yonder wreath that glows
Was plucked in paradise!
Without—it snows, the wind is loud,
Earth sleeps wrapped in her yearly shroud.

III.

Within—the organ's soaring peal,
The choir's sweet chant, the bells,
The surging crowd who stand or kneel,
The glorious errand tells;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye sons of men,
For man may hope for heaven again.

IV.

'Tis but a step, a threshold cros'd,
Yet such the change we find—
Without the wandering worldling tost
By every gust of wind—
Within there reigns a holy calm,
For here abides the dread I AM.

DONNA VIOLETTA.

A SPANISH BALLAD (NOT IN LOCKHART'S COLLECTION.)

I.

Lythe and listen, ladies gay, and gentle gallants, listen :
In Donna Violetta's eyes the pearly tear-drops glisten,
The hour has come—the Priest has come—have come the bridemaids three,
The groomsman's there, but ah the groom, alas! and where is he?
Full sadly sighed that mother sage, "It is provoking, really—
What can the good knight mean or plead to justify his delay?"
And red and pale alternate turned the bride, as wore the morning,
And there she stood amid a crowd, half sorrowing, half scorning.

II.

At last outspoke the best bridesmaid, as on the time-piece glancing,
Her black eye fir'd, and her small foot beneath her robe kept dancing :
"If I were you, sweet coz," she said, "I'd die before I'd let a
Man put ring, who first put slight, upon me, Violetta!"

And out bespoke the groomsman gay, a dapper little fellow,
Who, though 'twas early in the day, was slightly touched or mellow:
"My lands are full as broad as *his*, my name is full as noble,
And, as true knight, I cannot see a lady fair in trouble—
So, lovely mourner, list to me, and cease those sad tears shedding,
Accept the hand I offer thee, and let's not mar the wedding."

III.

The lady sighed, the lady smiled, then placed her fingers taper
Upon the gallant groomsman's arm, who forthwith cut a caper—
The vows were said, the prayers were read—the wedded pair departed
About the time the former swain had from his lodgings started—
Don Sluggard entered by one gate as they drove out the other,
And where he should have found the bride he only found her mother.
"His *Costumier* was slow," he said, "his horses wanted baiting,
And therefore he—unhappily—had kept the ladies waiting."

IV.

Ye ladies fair, and gallants gay—true lovers prone to quarrel—
I pray you heed the rhyme you read, and meditate the moral:
Full many a hopeful suitor's doom beside this has been dated
From that dark hour when first he left his lady fair belated—
All other sins may be forgiven to the repentant lover,
But this alone in vain he may endeavor to recover.
So should you have a youthful friend—a friend that you regard, oh!
Oh! teach him, teach him to beware, the doom of Don Sluggardo!

A LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF LEWIS.*

FIRST ISLANDER.

"Look out, look out, on the waves so dark,
And tell me dost thou see a barque
Riding the tempest through?
It bears a cross on its slender spar,
And a lamp that glances like a star,
And three men make the crew!"

SECOND ISLANDER.

"I see a barque far off at sea
With cross and lamp and crew of three,
But sooth it labors sore—
I see it rise, I see it fall,
Now the angry ocean swallows all,
And I see the barque no more."

* One of the first evangelizers of the Western Islands is known in Gaelic story as "Saint Cormac the Navigator." He was among the first missionaries sent out from Iona.

FIRST ISLANDER.

'Tis he! "'tis he! I know his sail,
'Tis the holy man of the hooded Gael,
True to his plighted word—
'Be't storm or calm, or foul or fair,'
He said, 'I will be surely here
On the birth-day of our Lord!'"

"He is the saint whose hymn soars loud
O'er shifting sail and crackling shroud;
Men resting on the oar
In the summer midnights' silent hour
May haply hear that voice of power,
O'er Coryvrekan's roar."

"He knoweth how to steer aright
By the yard and plough and northern light,
Through the battling Shetland seas;
Knoweth of every port the sign,
From Westra to Saint Columb's shrine
In the southern Hebrides."

"A host will throng to cape and bay
To meet him each appointed day,
Be it festival or fast;
And if his bark comes not in sight
They deem they have not reckoned right,
Or, that the day is past."

"His psalm hath waken'd Osmunwall,
And from the cavern of Fingall
Hath shaken down the spar;
The fishers on the midnight waves
And the otter hunters from their caves
Salute his cross and star."

SECOND ISLANDER.

"I see, I see through the night-fall dark,
Saint Cormac sitting in his barque,
And now he draweth near!
Dear Father of the Island men,
Welcome to Lewis Isle again,
And to our Christmas cheer!"

IONA. *

Would you visit the home St. Columbcille chose?
You must sail to the North when the West wind blows,
To the *airt* where grow nor flowers nor trees,
On the soil of the sea-spent Hebrides.
There, over against the steep Ross shore,
In hearing of Coryvrekan's roar,
You will find the dwarfish holly growing,
And see the brave sea-buglos blowing
Around the roots of the Belladonna,
On the shore of the Island—holy Iona!

* "We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses,—whatever makes the past, the distant or the future, predominate over the present,—advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such rigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."—JOHNSON'S *Journey to the Hebrides*, (Works,) vol. vii., p. 385.

In that far Isle the North star shines,
On tombless Kings, and Saints *sans* shrines—
The small sheep crop the grass that springs
Lineally up from the loins of Kings:
There Jarls from Orkney and Heligoland,
And Thanes from York and from Cumberland,
And Maormors of Moray, and Lenox, and Levin,
Cruel in life, lie hoping for heaven;
There Magnus of Norway, and stern Macbeth,
Lie stretched at the feet of the democrat, Death;
And Princes of Ulster and Lords of Lorn
Await the trump of All Souls' morn.

"Here lived St. Columb," the ferrymen say;
"He kept his boats in this shingly bay—
He fenced this glebe—he set up this stone,
(The kirk it belonged to was overthrown):—
Up on this mound, at the close of day,
Facing towards Erin, he ever would pray;
Thousands of blessings he gave to the Gael—
'Tis pity they were not of more avail!"

Saint of the Seas! who first explored
The haunts of the Hyperborean horde—
Who spread God's word, and reared His cross,
From Westra wild to the cliffs of Ross—
Whose sail was seen, whose voice was known,
By dwellers without the Vikings' zone—

Whose cunning hand hath left our age
Of Holy writ so many a page—
Whose days were passed in the teacher's toil—
Whose evening song still fills the isle—
Whose poet heart fed the wild bird's brood—
Whose fervent arm upbore the rood—
Whose sacred song is scarce less sublime
Than the visions that typify all time—
Still, from thy rock, sea-worn and grey,
Thou preachest to all who pass the way.

I hear thy voice, oh holy Saint!
Of to-day, and its men, make dire complaint—
Thou speakest to us of that spell of power,
Thy rocky Iona's royal dower—
Of the light of love and love of light,
Which made it shine out a star o' the night;
Thou pointest my eyes to the deep, deep waves—
Thou callest my heart to the mute, mute graves;
Thou wooest young Life, and her lover, Faith,
As victors, to enter the Castle of Death,
To leave their beacons of being, to warn
The weak and wild, and the far unborn,
Off perilous straits and fair-false shoals,
Where myriads have lost their adventur'd souls.

Saint of the Seas! when the winds are out,
When, like hounds at fault, they quest about,
My soul from its mortal mooring slips,
And glides away through the midnight ships—
And all unheeding the face of Fear
That darkens down on the mariner,
It rushes through sea, and space, and spray,
And through the birds that embank the bay,
And over the holly and Belladonna,
Its vigils to keep in thy holy Iona!

SAINT BEES.

I.

Bright shone the joyful summer sun
On Cumberland's dark shore,
The wind had failed the fishermen,
And put them to the oar,
The flippant swallows swept the shaw,
The brown nuts bent the trees,
When, from the neighb'ring hill, I saw
The village of Saint Bees.

II.

"Who was Saint Bees?" I asked of one
Who drove a lazy yoke—
"Saint Bees," quoth he, "is that place yon:
You'll find 'em stiffish folk."
"Who was Saint Bees?" I asked again
A squire in scarlet drest—
"*Who?*" echo'd he—"North Countrie men
Mislike a stranger's jest."

III.

I stood within the fontless porch,
I paced the empty nave,
The very Verger of the Church
A false tradition gave.
Hard by, a staring pile of brick
(Or college, if you please,)
Had played the Saint the scurviest trick,
Had called itself—Saint Bees.

IV.

A well-fed pedant in a train
Of stuff (not train of thought),
Who, like a great goose, strode before
The gosling flock he taught,
Said, stroking down his neckcloth white,
That he, "In times like these,
Must say, that being no Puseyite,
He knew nought of Saint Bees."

V.

Was it for this, oh Virgin band,
Your early home you left,
And set for heathen Cumberland
The life-spring in this cleft?
Was it for this your vesper chant
Charmed all these savage seas—
Where is the fruit you strove to plant
Along this shore, Saint Bees?

VI.

I could have borne the callous clown,
The squire's chagrin amused—
But the dullard in the cap and gown
I from my heart abused.
I wished that I had been *his* Pope,
To put him on his knees,
And make his fine pedantic gown
An offering to Saint Bees.

KING BRIAN'S ANSWER.

I.

"Go not forth to the battle," they said,
"But abide with your councillors sage,
"A helmet would weigh down the head
"That already is weighed down with age.
"There are warriors many a one,
"In their prime, all impatient to go—
"Let the host be led on by your son,
"He will fetch you the spoils of the foe."

II.

But the aged king rose in his place,
And his eye had the fire of past years,
And his hand grasp'd the keen-point'd mace,
And silence came over his peers:
"'Tis true, I am old," and he smiled—
"And the grave lies not far on my road,
"But in arms I was nursed as a child,
"And in arms I will go to my God.

III.

"For this is no battle for spoil,
"No struggle with rivals for power:
"The Gentile is camped on our soil,
"Where he must not exult for an hour.
"'Tis true, I am old," and he smiled—
"And the grave lies not far on my road,
"But in arms I was nursed as a child,
"And in arms I will go to my God."

THE PENITENT RAVEN.

A NURSERY RHYME.

I.

The Raven's house is built with reeds,
Sing alas and woe is me!
And the Raven's couch is spread with weeds
High on the hollow tree.
And the Raven himself telling his beads
In penance for his past misdeeds,
Upon the top I see.

II.

Telling his beads from night till morn,
Sing alas and woe is me!
In penance for stealing the Abbot's corn,
High on the hollow tree.
Sin is a load upon the breast,
And it nightly breaks the Raven's rest,
High on the hollow tree.

III.

The Raven pray'd the winter thro',
Sing alas and woe is me
The hail it fell, the winds they blew,
High on the hollow tree.
Until the spring came forth again,
And the Abbot's men to sow their grain
Around the hollow tree.

IV.

Alas, alas, for earthly vows,
Sing alas and woe is me
Whether they're made by men or crows,
High on the hollow tree.
The Raven swoop'd upon the seed,
And met his death in the very deed—
Beneath his hollow tree.

V.

So beat we our breasts in shame of sin,
Alas and woe is me!
While all is hollowness within,
Alas and woe is me!
And when the ancient Tempter smiles
So yield we our souls up to his wiles,
Alas and woe is me!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.*

I.

How few on this once famous festival day
Remember the Virgin of Erin, whose fame
Oft bowed down the Nations devoutly to pray,
Of Kildare's holy Abbess invoking the name.

II.

On the Alps of the Swiss, on the friths of the Dane,
When the Cross had supplanted Idolatry's sign,
How the sons of the Gentiles surrounded thy fane,
What homage, oh Virgin! what conquests were thine!

III.

To reign in one heart through the changes of time
Is the fond expectation of maiden most fair,
But what myriads have felt an affection sublime
For thy beauty of goodness, sweet Bride of Kildare.

* February 1st—St. Bridget's day.

IV.

Even now may be found in the bosoms of men
Some hearts like the lamp at thy altar of old,
Whose faith burns as bright and as steadfast as then,
As warm as its flame and as pure as its gold.

V.

Let them roam where they may they can never forget,
And never forego let what fate may betide,
To remember the day and to render the debt
They owe to Kildare's holy Abbess—Saint Bride.

LADY GORMLEY.

A GAELIC BALLAD.

I.

She wanders wildly thro' the night,
Unhappy Lady Gormley!
And hides her head at morning light,
Unhappy Lady Gormley!
No home has she, no kindly kin,
But darkness reigneth all within,
For sorrow is the child of sin
With hapless Lady Gormley!

II.

What time she sate on Tara's throne,
Unhappy Lady Gormley.
Bright jewels sparkled on her zone,
Unhappy Lady Gormley.
But her fair seeming could not hide
The wayward will, the heart of pride,
The wit still ready to deride,
Of scornful Lady Gormley.

III.

The daughter of a kingly race,
Was lovely Lady Gormley;
A monarch's bride—the first in place,
Was noble Lady Gormley.
The fairest hand she had, the skill
The lute to touch, the harp to thrill,
Melting and moving men at will,
The peerless Lady Gormley.

IV.

Nor was it courtly art to call
The splendid Lady Gormley,
The first of Minstrels in the hall,
All-gifted Lady Gormley.
Song flowed from out her snowy throat
As from the thrush, and every note
Taught men to sigh, and bards to dote
On lovely Lady Gormley.

V.

But armed as is the honey bee
Was fickle Lady Gormley;
And hollow as the alder tree
Was smiling Lady Gormley.
And cold and haughty as the swan,
That glancing sideward saileth on,
That loves the moon and hates the dawn,
Was heartless Lady Gormley.

VI.

God's poor had never known her care,
The lofty Lady Gormley;
She had no alms for Nun or Frère,
The wordly Lady Gormley.
She fed her heart on human praise,
Forgot her soul in prosp'rous days,
Was studious but how to amaze—
The haughty Lady Gormley.

VII.

At last she fell from her great height,
Unhappy Lady Gormley.
Her Lord had perish'd in the fight,
Unhappy Lady Gormley.
And now she has nor house nor home,
Destined from rath to rath to roam,
Too proud to make amend or moan,
Unhappy Lady Gormley.

VIII.

Behold her on her lonely way,
The wretched Lady Gormley.
And mark the moral of my lay,
The lay of Lady Gormley:
When fortune smiles make God your friend,
On His love more than man's depend,
So may you 'scape until the end
The grief of Lady Gormley.

ORIGIN OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Of all the Celtic Gods, I envy most
That son of Lir,
Who drove his harness'd Dolphins round our coast
The live-long year;
Followed by an uproarious, spouting host,
Deafening to hear.

There was no Cove so land-shut or so cozy
But Manan knew;
No Island e'er so meadowy or rosy
Escap'd his view;
No river's mouth or bed but his bold nose he
Would poke into.

Of the Atlantic realm sole lord and master,
He yet controll'd
Biscayan shores, where, charged deep with disaster,
His thunders rolled—
The Baltic paid him amber tribute faster
Than Jews take gold.

Yet not content to be the sole sea-warden
Beneath the sun,
His heart, like ancient Pharoah, he did harden,
(Or Hutchinson,)
Seizing on Mona for *his* "kitchen garden."*
Some legends run.

I sometimes doubt (though in some Manx-man's letters
'Tis somewhere said,)
That Manan, once embarrass'd, like his betters,
By over-trade,
A sanctuary for all future debtors
This Island made.

It suits not with the hereditary story
Of him or his,
To skulk the Sheriff, or the deathless glory
A scrimmage gives;
Of the Manx story as I think the more, I
Think less it is.

The gay god's better purpose is to be seen
Beneath the soil,
Where wind the corridors from caves marine
For many a mile:
From earliest day 'twas ordained—we must ween—
A smuggling Isle.

* John Hely Hutchinson (Lord Donoughmore), of whom Pitt said, if he had got "the three kingdoms for an estate, he would still ask the Isle of Man for a kitchen garden."

And certes this Usquebagh is not at all bad,
Excised or not—
Here's to thee, Mananan! most genial old lad;
Nor Pict nor Scot
Around this board, but would have sorrow'd sore had
You been forgot!

WOMAN'S PRAISE.

I.

The myriad harps of Erin oft,
In other days,
Were by enthusiast minstrels strung
In Woman's praise;
And though they sometimes stooped to sing
The praise of wine,
Still, nightly, did each trembling string
Resound with thine.

II.

"Oh, who," (these ancient Rhymers asked,)
"Would dwell alone,
That could win woman to his side,
For aye, his own?
Oh, cold would be the household cheer,"
('Twas so, they said,)
"But for the light the mistress dear
O'er all things shed.

III.

" And barren many a harp would be,
And many a brain,
If woman, Queen of Minstrelsie,
Lent not the strain ;
And many a heavy tear would chill
On misery's cheek,
If woman were not present still
Her word to speak.

IV.

" Ye who have seen her gentle hand
Do timely deeds,
In haunts where misery made a stand,
And men were reeds—
Ye who have seen the fetter chain
Undone by them,
Find, find for that a fitting name,
Ye vaunting men!

V.

" Oh! blessed be the God that dower'd
The earth with these—
Our truest, firmest, noblest friends
In woe or ease.
Blessed for the grace that makes the earth
Beneath their feet
A garden, and that fills the air
With music meet.

VI.

"And still, whate'er our fate may be,"
(Your minstrel saith,)
"Let woman but be near, and we
Will smile in death—
Whate'er the scene, where woman's grief
And woman's sigh
Can mingle round, there Bard and Chief
May fitly die."

KILDARE'S BARD ON TOURNAMENTS.

I.

Sing not to me of Normandie,
Its armor'd knights and bloodless sports
Its sawdust battle fields, to me,
Are odious as its canting Courts;
But sing to me of hunting far
The antler'd elk in Erris' vales,
Of flying 'neath the crackling spar,
Off Arran, through Atlantic gales.

II.

Raymond was brave, DeCourcy bold,
And Hugo Lacy bred to rule—
But I am of the race of old,
And cannot learn in Norman school.
Sing not to me of Guisnes field,
Or how Earl Gerald match'd with kings*—
I'd rather see him on his shield
Than tilting in their wrestler rings.

* Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare, whose splendour almost rivalled that of the King, his master, at the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"CAROLAN THE BLIND."

I.

To the cross of Glenfad the Blind Bard came,
And at the four roads he drew his rein,
And stopped his steed, and raised his hand,
To learn from the currents the lie of the land;
And spoke he aloud, unconscious that near
His words were caught up by a listening ear.

II.

"The sun's in the south, the noon must be past,
And cold on my right comes the north-east blast;
What, ho! old friend, we'll face to the west,
For Connaught's the quarter the Bard loves best;
Tis the heart of the land, and the stronghold of song,
So, now, for our Connaught friends, march we on!

III.

'In Connaught!" he hummed, as on he rode,
"The heart and the house and the cup o'erflowed;
In Connaught alone does music find
The answering feet and the echoing mind;
'Tis the soul of the soil and the fortress of song,
So, now, for our Connaught friends, march we on!"

A CONTRAST.

I.

Bebinn is straight as a poplar,
  Queenly and comely to see!
But her hand seems so fit for a sceptre,
  She never could give it to me;
Aine is lithe as a willow,
  And her eye, whether tearful or gay,
So true to her thought, that in Aine,
  I find a new charm every day.

II.

Bebinn calmly and silently sails
  Down life's stream like a snow-breasted swan—
She's so lonesomely grand that she seems
  To shrink from the presence of man.
Aine basks in the glad silver sun,
  Like a young dove let loose in the air—
Sings, dances, and laughs; but for me
  Her joy does not make her less fair.

III.

Oh! give me the nature that shows
  Its emotions of mirth or of pain,
As the water that glides, and the corn that grows,
  Show shadow and sunlight again.
Oh! give me the brow that can bend,
  Oh! give me the eyes that can weep,
And give me a heart like Lough Neagh.
  As full of emotions and deep.

A SMALL CATECHISM.

I.

"Why are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why?
"'Tis because the infinite,
Which they've left is still in sight.
And they know no worldly blight—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

II.

"Why do children laugh so gay?
Tell me why?
"'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosoms, every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway—
Therefore, 'tis they laugh so gay.

III.

"Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why?
"'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming, they are free,
Hearts, not lips their organs be—
Therefore, 'tis they speak so free.

IV.

"Why do children love so true?
Tell me why?
"'Tis because they cleave unto,
A familiar fav'rite few,
Without art or self in view—
Therefore children love so true."

THE LOVE CHARM.

I.

"Ancient crones that shun the highways,
In dark woods to weave your spells—
Holy dwellers in the byeways,
Erenachs of blessed wells;
House and Lands to whoso finds me
Where the cure for Connor dwells!"

II.

One went out by night to gather
Vervain by the summer star;*
Hosts of Leeches sought the father
In his hall of Castlebar;
Blessed water came in vials
From the wells of ancient Saints;
Vain their knowledge—vain their trials—
Science wots not youth's complaints:

Vervain, a healing plant in great repute among the Irish; it shonl be gathered under the dog-star, by night, barefoot and wit t e left hand.

III.

"Nearer, nearer, sister Margaret—
(Lest the baffled Leeches hear)—
Listen to me, sister dearest,
'Tis of Love that I lie here
In Athenree there is a blossom
More than all their charms could do;
There is healing in her bosom,*
All my vigor to renew:

IV.

"But our father hates her father—
Deadly feud between them reigns—
Peace may come when I am sleeping
Where the lank laburnum's weeping
And the cold green ivy creeping
O'er the grave where nothing pains!

V.

"Tell her *then!*" "Nay, brother, brother,
Live and hope and trust to me;
In a guise none can discover,
I will be your Lady's lover,
Woo her here to thee, my brother,
Ere the new moon faded be!"

VI.

Clad in boyish guise sits Margaret,
With a harp upon her knee,
Harping to the lovely mistress
Of the castle'd Athenree—
Chaunting how, in days departed,
All the world was truer-hearted—
How death only could have parted
Love and fond Fidelity.

VII.

Sighed the Lady—"Gentle minstrel,
If such lovers een lived now,
Ladies might be found as faithful,
But few such there are, I trow——."
Quoth the singer, also sighing,
"Nay, I know where one is lying
For thy sake—know where he's dying—
Tell me, shall he live or no?"

VIII.

Through the green woods, blossom laden,
Ride the minstrel and the maiden
O'er the Robe's bright waters gushing—
He exhorting and she blushing—
Athenree behind them far,
Riding till the sun of even',
Lingering late upon Ben Nephin,
Saw them enter Castlebar.

IX.

Sat the sick heir in his chamber,
Sore besieged by early death,
Life and death's alternate banners
Waver'd in his feeble breath;
All the Leeches had departed,
While the sad Sire, broken-hearted,
Gazes from his turret lonely,
Thinking of his sick heir only—
O'er his heirless lands beneath.

X.

"Connor! Connor! here's your blossom,
Take her—take her to your bosom;
Said I not to trust to me?
And this reverend man will wive you.
Albeit he comes here to shrive you.
And the Bridesmaid I shall be!"

XI.

On the turret wept the Father,
(While the Son beneath was wed)—
Came the Priest reluctant to him—
"Ah! I know," he cried, "*he's dead!*"
"——Nay, not so, my noble master,
Young Lord Connor's come to life!"—
"Say't again, again—speak faster—"
"Yea, my Lord—and here's his wife!"

SONNET.

I have a sea-going spirit haunts my sleep,
Not a sad spirit wearisome to follow;
Less like a tenant of the mystic deep
Than the good fairy of the hazel hollow;
And often at the midwatch of the night
I see departing in his silver barque
This spirit, steering toward an eastern light,
Calling me to him from the western dark.
"Spirit!" I ask, "say whither bound away?"
"Unto the old Hesperides!" he cries;
"Oh, Spirit, take me in thy barque, I pray;"
"For thee I came," he joyfully replies—
Exile! no longer shalt thou absent mourn,
For I the Spirit am, men call—RETURN."

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